Miss Frances Levine,
70 Somers St.
Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Dec. 10th, 1917.

Darling Frances.-

At last have a little time to myself, so I can write. I got up this morning tired, unrefreshed and all topsy turvy. When I went down to the barracks, I thought sure I'd be late because it was snowing & I was afraid the car would be stuck. But I was glad that nothing happened & got down as usual, 3/4 of an hour earlier than 7 o'clock. My throat still pains. I wish you would give me some of that ~~cough~~ mixture to gargle when I

come down tonight. Last night, my feet bled so that I thought I must have cut myself somehow, but it seems that it came from the frost. I think it was because my feet pained me so, that I couldn't sleep, but they feel good this morning as I have my army shoes on. While standing for roll-call this morning, I thought my feet would ~~bal~~ bleed again because they were cold, but they didn't. How are you, precious mine? Were you cold this morning? I do wish you would come down namely and take care of yourself. Will see you to-night. Tell my love to my little sweet wife

Lovingly
Shelby.